

## Raindrops on Roses

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Summary: Monty glanced at her, "Did Mr. Holland forget to send the car?" he asked in a mocking sort of tone. Sibella rolled her eyes, not wanting to deal with Monty's smugness tonight. "No, as a matter of fact, I'm going to walk back home," she said spitefully. "Are you really?" he asked looking at her incredulously. "In this rain?" Monty X Sibella.

## Raindrops on Roses

The dinner party had ended rather late, for now it was pitch dark out and the stars in the sky were gleaming brightly. They had had a nice evening at the party, with the usual chatter and conversation being discussed.

It was though, rather uncomfortable, seeing as how neither Lionel nor Phoebe had been able to attend with Sibella and Monty, as both of them had ended up coming to the party alone. They had spent most of the party awkwardly avoiding each other's gaze, in fear of giving way to others suspicion of them and their affair.

As soon as the party was over, Sibella had hastily hurried to leave as soon as possible. Monty followed her out onto the front steps when Sibella paused.

Sibella was frowning slightly as she looked out into the night and saw that it was pouring rain. She glanced at Monty, who stood beside her, fixing his coat.

She huffed in irritation. She had thought that Lionel would have sent back the car by now but it was clear that he hadn't.

Monty glanced at her, "Did Mr. Holland forget to send the car?" he asked in a mocking sort of tone.

Sibella rolled her eyes, not wanting to deal with Monty's smugness tonight.

"No, as a matter of fact, I'm going to walk back home," she said spitefully.

"Are you really?" he asked looking at her incredulously. "In this rain?"

She nodded confidently, her chin held high. "Yes, yes I am."

She wrapped her silk shawl around her arms and took one step out, immediately getting soaked by the raindrops.

Monty watched her for a moment before joining her in the rain.

She glanced, and found him by her side.

"What are you doing?" she asked, already shivering a bit from the cold.

"Walking with you," he said simply.

"Monty, people will see us," she scolded him, even though the streets were deserted, all that was left were the cobblestones and the houses.

"No one's here, Sibella," he told her looking around. "It's just you, me, and the rain."

She gave him a grimace.

"It was a nice dinner party," he remarked, trying to make conversation as they walked.

She nodded absentmindedly.

"I think we kept ourselves presentable, appropriate," he said to her.

She smirked at him, "Except when you were staring at my dress."

He smiled at her, "Well, I can't help that. Your dress is exquisite."

She beamed at him, and he glanced at her crimson dress that was a sweetheart neckline. The jewels that hung around her neck sparkled in the light, and the tiara that she wore glinted like stars.

"Will Mr. Holland be upset that you've ruined your dress?"

She sighed.

"I'd doubt he'd notice, but if he did, yes he probably will be upset."

He paused, and she looked back at him. He had stopped, and was just looking at her.

"What?" she asked.

He shook his head lightly. "I wish you hadn't married him."

She bit her lip. "I wish I hadn't either."

He looked seriously at her before he pressed her lips to hers.

She was a bit startled at first, but moments after she wrapped her arms around his neck, and pulled him closer to her. She felt as his hands entangled in her hair and she kissed him harder.

When they pulled away both of them were gasping for breath.

"I love you more than he does," he whispered, not wanting to let her go.

Sibella was quiet.

He kissed her again, cupping her cheek with his hand as the rain fell down on them in torrents.

"Come back to my place," he begged, once he pulled away again.

She bit her lip, and looked away.

"Lionel will expect me to be home at some point tonight."

He took her hand, "I'll send him a telegram and say that you were too soaked from the rain and I feared that you were going to catch your death if I didn't take you to my house right away."

She gave Monty a small smile.

"He might just buy thatâ€¦"

He smiled and kissed her again.

"He wouldn't want you to get sick," he told her.

She shook her head, "No he wouldn't like that at all."

Monty smiled at her and in that moment the rain let up, as they were walking towards Monty's apartment.

He held her hand as they walked inside, with her head leaning on his shoulder as she clung to him, shivering.

As soon as they got inside, Monty rummaged around and found all of the blankets he owned, and wrapped Sibella up in them while she sat on the couch.

He sat next to her, stroking her hair lightly as she lay with her head in his lap. They stayed like that for a while in silence, just enjoying each other's company.

Finally once Sibella warmed up, she sat up on the couch and began to kiss Monty softly.

"You should send Lionel that telegram before he calls Scotland Yard to try and find me," she told him in between kisses.

He nodded, muttering something to her. He didn't leave the couch

though. He kissed her again, caressing her cheek.

She gave him a wry grin.  
>"What?" he asked her.<p>

She smiled and shook her head, "Why don't we take this into the bedroom," she said taking his hand and letting all of the blankets fall to the floor around her feet as she dragged him into the bedroom.

Monty didn't refuse such an offer, he would have be stupid if he did.

As she led him into the room, he started laughing. She paused.

"What?" she asked coyly.

"To think, this is all started because it was raining and you were feeling spiteful," he told her as he kissed her lips softly.

She merely laughed at him and took his hand again, tugging him into the bedroom and shutting the door.

**\*\*THE END.\*\***

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